

The Fairfield Herald.

VOL. XI.]

WINNSBORO, S. C. WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 24, 1875.

[NO. 25]

THE FAIRFIELD HERALD

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIAMS & DAVIS.
Terms.—The HERALD is published weekly in the Town of Winnsboro, at \$3.00 yearly in advance.
All transient advertisements to be PAID IN ADVANCE.
Quotations and Tributes \$1.00 per square.

[Re-published by request.]

The Planter's Soliloquy.

That "times are hard" I must confess,
And mine's a woful tale,
I feel completely corner'd now,
And certainly must fail.
I'm down on all the merchants' books,
They're down on me with duns,
I could, indeed, pay all my debts
Provided I'm in funds.
Just now I have no cash on hand;
But pocket room "to let."
My credit's gone, and just because
I'm never out of debt.
I did have cotton once to sell,
But I'm not mistaken
Had every bale already pledged
To pay for corn and bacon.
But when I found the price was low,
And "both ends could not meet,"
I got a friend to sell a load
To carry out the cheat.
'Twas thus I got beyond your reach
Of law or fence riding,
And saved "a dime for rainy day,"
And then felt satisfied.
The merchant does complain 'tis true,
But 'tis no use to cry,
They could not get a dime from me,
However hard they try.
I gave my note and promised too,
"Sure as I live," I'll pay;
The promise gone, the note on hand,
"He must be dead," they say.
As "times are hard" I'll liquidate,
The thing can't be denied—
Bankruptcy one alternative,
The other—suicide.
If creditors are not convinced,
And that too very soon,
I'll give my household to my wife,
And settle in the moon.
Then when I get beyond your reach
Believe me I'll hear you sigh,
"I've lost my life on his crop,"
Now, "there is that for high!"
Don't send the sheriff after me,
But let him stay in town,
If cotton goes to twenty cents,
Perhaps I may come down.
MORAL.
The true purport of all these lines,
Poor human nature shows;
How many men, now live to cheat
The merchants of their dues.
The "times are hard" or getting worse,
Take my advice young man,
Don't base a contract on a lie,
Be honest if you can.
All through your life let candor shine,
Engraven on your mind,
In every act avoid deceit,
And friends you'll always find.
And should you live your three score years
(Your words sins forgiven),
You'll die beloved by every man,
And rest in hope of Heaven.
SHORT STAFF.

The Seller Sold

A neat game is now played upon passengers on the Illinois Central Railroad. The candy man goes around, and, having selected a victim, he proposes to sell him a box of figs. If he does not wish to purchase, the candy man gets a confidential, places ten dollars in a fig box, and picking up two other boxes, inquires how much he will give for his choice out of the three boxes. About this time the victim sees the corner of a five dollar bill protruding from one of the boxes, which the candy man has, of course, overlooked. A bargain is soon struck for two, three or five dollars, and the victim finds nothing in the box except the figs and the corner of the bill. This game was tried last Tuesday morning on Conductor Locke's train, upon a newspaper reporter, who permitted himself to be taken in in order to teach the penny vendor a lesson in sharp practice. After he had been relieved of his money, he secured the sharper's name, and upon his returning to the car, the reporter called him over and complimented him for his sagacity and assured him that his name should be duly chronicled in the papers. He thereupon returned the money with great alacrity and proposed to add \$10 more in order to be screened from exposure. This complimentary benefit was respectfully declined for the public good, and the facts are now made known for the traveler's protection.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO CHILDREN.—The case of the poor child, "Prince Leo," who was rescued from the Tivoli Theatre, in New York, at the instance of Mr. Henry Bergh, and which is now pending decision before one of the courts of that city, is one of unusual cruelty. According to the testimony the lad, who is only seven years of age was taken from his parents, punished, drilled and persecuted for the purpose of making him an acrobat. The man who had the little fellow in training is represented as treating him brutally when he made a failure. Mr. Bergh, whose benevolence is some times eccentric, has given a reasonable direction to his humanity in bringing this case to judicial notice. It is pitiable indeed that little children, for purposes of gain, should be subjected, as they sometimes are, to the form or other, to hardship cruelty.—N. Y. Sun.

The Other Banker Hill.

Yesterday while half a dozen men were sitting around a hot stove in a Randolph street saloon, one of them made some remark about Bunker Hill.
"What's that?" called a man who had for several minutes been silently contemplating one of his big feet.
"I was speaking of Bunker Hill, where the British were licked out of their boots by the Americans," explained the first.
"Wasn't a British soldier there, and I'll bet five dollars on it!"
"Wasn't, eh?"
"Not a one!"
"Do you think I'm a fool!" roared the first.
"I don't think nothing, only it was the Dutch there instead of the British."
"You'll bet?"
"Yes!"
A bet large enough to cover the drinks for the crowd was made, and one of the men ran home and got a history which contained, as full an account of the battle, as well as an illustration.
"Here it is," he said, opening the book. "British troops landed from frigates—Americans behind redoubts—British advance—here it is as plain as day."
"Where does it say the battle of Bunker Hill was fought?" asked the stranger as the reached around for a piece of cheese.
"Why, near Boston, or course."
"Boston?"
"Yes."
"Well, that ain't reliable, then, or else they've got things mixed. I mean the battle of Bunker Hill in Texas, and this book says Boston. Seems to be two Bunker Hills!"
As arguments could not move him they carried him to the door, jammed his hat over his eyes and set him to walking.

COULDN'T PLAY IT.—A colored man named Nelson is owing a butcher on Beaubien street five or six dollars, and after trying in vain to collect the money the butcher and a friend put their heads together the other night and laid a plan. About midnight they called at Nelson's house, and he was awakened by a rap on the window.
"Who's dar?" he called out.
"The devil!" solemnly replied the butcher.
"You is, hey?"
"Yes, I want you!"
"What fur?"
"You refuse to pay your butcher, and I am sent to take you to the bottomless pit!"
"You is?"
"I am! Come forth at once!"
"Ize coming!" replied the negro as he jumped out of bed; "I can't pay dat six dollars half as easy in any other way, an' de old woman is so mighty cross Ize glad to get away from home!"
The butcher and his friend didn't wait for Mr. Nelson to come out.

Got the Wrong Man.

Our friend Waddell, the Piedmont Air-Line Soliciting Agent, did not toll the little incident himself (in fact, it don't amuse him as it does some others), but it worked itself up here, just as these always will, and nobody knows how. Well, he was down at Winnsboro the other day, and started to take the train to Charlotte. The Columbia Fair was about closing, and the police department of Winnsboro had received a telegram to look out for a pickpocket named Waddell who would arrive on that train. Just as the train stopped our friend got on board, and a moment later a policeman got on and asked the conductor if he had a passenger on board named Waddell. Yes, he said, pointing to our friend, and the cop' at once took him in tow. The conductor and others had to come up and swear to his identity and bag for him, before the officer would forego the pleasure of locking him up.—Charlotte Observer.

Outrages of the Banditti.

BROWNSVILLE, November 15.—The Federal grand jury in their report say that from Brownsville to Pecos river, a distance of 600 miles in length and 100 in width, to the Neches river, all American rancheros have been ordered to leave their homes by Mexican raiders on pain of death, and that 100,000 head of stolen cattle are driven to Mexico annually by Mexican marauders. Numbers of Federal officials have been assassinated, post-offices burned, custom houses robbed, mail carriers and Inspectors of Customs killed while discharging their duties, and the perpetrators of these crimes have gone unpunished, and general insecurity of life and property prevails on the border. The jury found eighty indictments and urged decisive action on the part of the State and General Government to punish criminals and protect the inhabitants against Mexican banditti.

Two Irishmen were hunting. They met a donkey. One of them shot him and exclaimed triumphantly, "Patrick, now faith and he jabbars, I've killed the father of all the rabbits."

Danbury Family Scene.

A family of some pretensions, living on Nelson street, had a party of five or six, Thursday evening. The table was set out in fine style, and it was absolutely necessary to show them that folks could live in a village like Danbury, and yet understand the requirements of good society. When they were all at the table, and the lady was preparing to dish up the tea, her little son, whose face shone like the knees of a country clergyman's pants, pulled her secretly by the dress. But she was too busy to notice. He pulled her again, but receiving no response, he whispered:
"Ma, ma?"
"What is it?"
"Aint this one of Miss Perry's knives?" holding up the article in his hand and looking as he properly should, very much gratified by such an evidence of his discernment.

She made no reply in words, but she gave him a look that was calculated to annihilate him.
The tea was dished out, and the party were preparing to butter their biscuits, when the youth suddenly whispered again, looking at his plate with a pleased expression, "why, ma, my plate is different from the others."
"Thomas!" she ejaculated, under her breath.
"Why, it is, ma," persisted Thomas.
"Now, just see here. This plate has—"
"Thomas!" again ejaculated his mother, with crimsoned face while his father assumed a frown nearly an inch thick, "if you don't let your virtuous stop your mouth I'll send you away from the table!"
This quieted Thomas at once. He was not a very particular boy, and he concluded that the difference in the plates was not of such moment as to admit of tedious argument at this time.

Several minutes passed without any further interruption. The young man industriously attended to his food, but at the same time kept a close eye on what was going on around him. He was lifting up his cup for a sip, when his glance unfortunately fell upon the saucer. It was but a glance, but with the keenness of a young eye he saw that the two were not originally designed for each other.

"Why, ma," he eagerly whispered, "this cup don't belong to—"
Then he suddenly stopped.
The expression of his mother's face actually rendered him speechless, and for a moment he applied himself to his meal in depressed silence; but he was young and of an elastic temper, and he soon recovered his beaming expression.
A little later he observed a spoon of preserved grapes in her mouth. Then he twined his mother's dress and said again:
"Ma!"

The unhappy woman shivered at the sound, but his remark this time appeared to be on an entirely different subject, as he asked:
"Aint Miss Walker a funny woman?"
"Funny?" said his mother, with a sigh of relief. And then turning to the company with the explanation, "Mrs. Walker is an old lady who lives across the way," she smiled on her hopeful son and asked, "What makes you think she is funny?"
"Why, you know—you kin," began Thomas in that rapid, moist way which an only son assumes when he is imparting information before company, in response to a cordial invitation, "when I went over there this afternoon to get the spoons, she said she hoped the company wouldn't bite 'em, as it would dent—"
"Thomas!" shrieked the unhappy mother, as soon as she could break in.

"Young man," gasped the father, "leave this table at once!"
And Thomas left at once. His father subsequently followed him, and the two met in a back room, and had both been flying express trains coming together, there could have scarcely been more noise.—Danbury News.

A Pardoned Man Dies in Prison.

A few days since John Parsons died in Sing Sing prison, after having lived within its walls twenty-three years. He was convicted of manslaughter in the first degree for killing a companion in a fight. He was pardoned by Governor Dix, but refused to go out into the world again, saying that he had lived so long in Sing Sing that it was home to him. He was a jovial, good-natured fellow, and was allowed special privileges, such as running errands to the village, etc. On one occasion he was allowed to visit Niblo's Garden, in New York, having expressed a strong desire to go to that theater. One of the guards from the prison happened to be there on leave of absence, and, thinking that Parsons had escaped, arrested him and brought him back. When Governor Dix pardoned him he cried like a child, and said that if discharged, he would commit some crime to get back. Warden keepers and prisoners were very much affected at his death.—Brooklyn Argus.

Republican Howl Against Gov. Chamberlain.

There is an appearance of political treachery in the policy now being pursued by Gov. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, which suggests that he will bear watching. When a man of his stripe begins to coquette with the rebel Democracy, as he has done, it is time for honest men to come to the front with a determination to protect their interests against threatened injury. He seems to be seeking "social recognition," and it will be generally admitted by those who know anything about South Carolina politics that he cannot reach the object of his search without a serious compromise of principle.—National Republican (Gre's Organ).

You are mistaken about compromising principle, for that is an article which the mongrel party of South Carolina never possessed. Gov. Chamberlain has, in his bold and fearless course proved that he is not devoid of honor, and has too much humanity to longer crush and humiliate the proud Xeonians of the South. With a few more such victories from the Administration organ, and we shall believe that Gov. Chamberlain is a pure patriot and a great statesman.—Charlotte Observer.

Stephen Girard, the great Philadelphia banker, was asked by a young man by what rule he had acquired his fortune of many millions of dollars. The reply was: "I always bought when everybody wished to sell—and sold when all wanted to buy." If this sagacious man was now on the stage he would make his power felt in buying real estate, as everybody wishes to sell. Before he had been in the market one week everybody would buy. Foreign capital will soon seek this investment, as let it touch on this island where it will, an income would be at once sure of five per cent, or perhaps ten, if improved. The agent of the marquis of Westminster in London told me that his lordship owned whole streets of the best dwellings in London that did not average over two and a percent, per annum, and that he would not change an investment that paid this income. The time must be near when such men will put their surplus revenues into New York property, and all such investments will then be out of the market forever, as such men seldom or never sell real estate.—New York Evening Post.

The Charlotte Observer publishes a report of an indignation meeting recently held in that city at which the following sensible and well timed resolutions were passed. WHEREAS, It has come to the knowledge of this meeting that one of our companions recently made a call, and finding a younger sister of the lady proposed to be visited, in the room, did then and there offer to her, the younger sister aforesaid, the amount of two pounds of candy, if she would vacate; and

WHEREAS, There is no estimating the financial wreck which may ensue if this precedent is allowed to be established and to pass unnoticed, therefore,

Be it resolved, That the price offered to be paid by our erring brother is out of all reason, and is calculated to set a bad example to other younger sisters, nephews, nieces and cousins, who may perhaps, if yielded to, increase in their demands until some of our fortunes may be ruined by acceding to them.

Resolved 2nd, That a schedule of rates is hereby established, for the government of this association, which schedule shall forbid the paying of an amount exceeding a half pound of French or three quarters of a pound of common candy, and also forbid that any member shall pay this amount oftener than once a month.

Resolved 3d, That before we will deviate from the schedule above, we will pay 50 cents per night for some one to "choke" for us, and if absolutely necessary, 75 cents.

Resolved 4th, That members of a family too young to be courted or hunted out, are a nuisance anyway, and should under no circumstances be countenanced.

The resolutions were adopted amid much applause, and on motion, the meeting adjourned, after ordering that the proceeding be published in the Observer.

D. P. HUTCHINSON, Pres.
J. P. CALDWELL, Secy.

A man in Alabama died from having his teeth knocked out with a hatchet, and here comes that wicked Spilkins, of the New York Commercial Advertiser, and remarks that he died of accidental causes. It's a tooth robbing announcement—it is, by gum.

Political Prospects.

New York, November 10.—The Tribune of this morning in an editorial on "A Revolution and its Cause," concludes that, "to-day the Republican prospects are bright. It is everywhere perceived that if that party is wise it may elect the next President." The editor is brought to this conclusion by reflecting that this tide was turned against the Democrats by the "manly courage" shown by the Republicans of Ohio in opposing "inflation." With the same "manly courage" controlling its councils during the next year it will sweep the country. The Tribune leaves out of its calculation altogether a force which possesses ninety-nine chances in a hundred deciding who shall be the next President. It is the Southern vote. A united Southern electoral vote, or one nearly so, (leaving out South Carolina) needs but the electoral vote of New York and one or two smaller Northern States to settle the contest. The party, then, which is most likely to win. Will the Republican party have the "manly courage" to abandon its attitude of semi-hostility to ward the South, and to secure a part of the Southern electoral vote? This question must be seriously agitating the breasts of Republican politicians at this time. Depend upon it there will be no more campaigns run on the "horrible outrage" pretence. But the South, if it will command the situation, must stand shoulder to shoulder. Its strength is in unity. The Democratic majority in New York, on the State ticket, will be in the neighborhood of 17,000. Take out New York and Kings and the canal counties, and the Democratic gains on last year are uniform, and in some cases heavy. The Canal Ring have done their worst; next year they can do no worse, and New York may therefore be confidently counted as a Democratic State in the Presidential summing up.—Cor. News and Courier.

BALKY HORSES.—I once heard of an unfortunate gentleman who had become insane, but was restored to sound health simply by causing the mind to make a sudden revision; which was done by skillfully causing him to become jealous of his wife, who was a most excellent lady, and aware of the process.

On this hint we might learn to manage a balky horse. He is insane on the subject of going, that is self-evident. If we can manage to make him think on some other subject he will naturally forget about going, and go before he knows it. The following devices have been successfully tried to accomplish the desired end:

First—Tying a string around the horse's ear close to the head.

Second—hitching the horse to the swing tree by means of a cord instead of the tugs; the cord fastened to the horse's tail.

Third—Filling the mouth full of some disagreeable substance.

Fourth—tying a stout twine around the leg just below the knee, and then running it when he has traveled some distance.

Never whip a balky horse, for the more he is whipped the crazier he will become. Let everything be done gently, for boisterous words only confuse him and make him worse. Treat him in the mild manner that you would a crazy man, and you will succeed.—Rural New Yorker.

SOCIABILITY.—Think how much happiness you convey to each other by kindly notice and a cheerful conversation. Think how much sunshine such sociability lets back into your own soul. Who does not feel more cheerful and contented for receiving a polite bow, and a genial "good morning with a hearty shake of the hand?" Who does not make himself happier by these little expressions of fellow feeling and good will? Silence, and a stiff, unbending reserve are essentially selfish and vulgar. The generous and polite man has pleasant recognition and cheerful words for all he meets. He paves the path of others with smiles. He makes society seem genial, and the world delightful to those who would else find it cold, selfish, and forbidding. And what he gives is but a tithe of what he receives. Be social wherever you go, and wrap your lightest words in tones that are sweet and a spirit that is genial.

Let the female angel cease to be agitated. Men will rave at the pinnet-back skirts, but so they will, and rave at other fashions. There was the kangaroo droop, the Grecian bend, the Tilton skirts, the bell crinoline, the decollete bodice, the long stamacher—everything, way back to the ruffs of Queen Bess or the barrel hoops of Queen Anne, has been sneered at after the same manner. And yet, men have a sort of sneaking fancy for the dear little creatures after all.

Crab grass hay, says the Columbian Ga. Enquirer, paid better in Muscogee, wherever it was tried than cotton. The staple barely clears the expenses, while the commonest grass on yonder cutting and baling, to put money in the farmer's pocket.

Lively Scene in Court.

At the recent term of Court in Charleston several Mackoyites were indicted by Buttz for riot on the night before the election. During the trial the following scene occurred:
Solicitor Buttz then opened his argument for the State. After stating that he would accept a verdict of not guilty as to Mosses. Hunt, Dalwick and Howard, the solicitor launched forth into a volume of abuse and bitter denunciation of Col. Mackey, attaching to him the entire blame in the affair as the instigator and originator of the fell scheme. He paid but little attention to the others charged in the indictment, and allowed his personal prejudice to enter so freely into his official duty as to openly proclaim that if the jury could but convict Mackey and let the others go free he would be perfectly satisfied.

A SENSATION.

Mr. Mackey, at the close of Solicitor Buttz's argument, desired the permission of the Court to make an explanation. He said: May it please the Court, I regret exceedingly that in this case, in which I have by some extraordinary process been connected, I am not in the condition to defend myself; but owing to severe indisposition this is impossible. I regret this the more that I am not able to show up, in the light it deserves, the dastardly cowardice of those who attack me in this courthouse, but who would not dare to face me in the street.

The solicitor jumped up and asked the protection of the Court.

Judge Reed stated that he considered that Col. Mackey had said enough, and requested him to push the matter no further.

Mr. Mackey said that he meant to disrespect to the Court, but simply wished to show up the mean, cowardly conduct of a man who would attack him under cover of his official garb, and yet not dare repeat the insult on the street.

Solicitor Buttz. I never ran from you at any rate.

Mr. Mackey. I guess you wouldn't like to swear to that, for I know several occasions on which you have run from me.

Solicitor Buttz. I don't know how soon I may have to run from you. I don't claim to be a brave man.

Mr. Mackey. Well, then, I think it is exceedingly bad taste for a man who acknowledges himself a dastardly coward to question the bravery of others.

How long this spirited little by play would have gone on it is impossible to state, had not the Court called the parties to order and put an end to the sensation.

Let Well Enough Alone.

One does not have to live very long in this world to be enabled to learn by experience his own follies and by observation those of others by whom he is surrounded. There is the young farmer, who by industry and close attention to his own one or two horse farm, has made some money. He has taken the front row himself, and thereby induced his assistants to work well and willingly, and with profit to themselves and to their employer. He becomes ambitious, and desires a larger field for his operations. He purchases an adjoining farm on credit, and with what money he has accumulated, stocks it and buys the necessary farming implements. He must needs have fertilizers which he purchases on time, at fifty per cent. advance. Extra labor is employed (some of it not as good as it might be), and paid by orders or goods, for which he pays fifty per cent. profit. Instead of working, now he superintends; instead of leading, now he endeavors to drive. When the crop is made, gathered and sold, he is amazed to find himself in debt. This, of course, is not the fault of the system, but is attributed to the seasons, the low price of cotton or to something else. He never thinks for a moment that when he let go the plow handles he lost the best laborer he had; that he could not get half the work out of hands by driving that he could by leading; that when he cultivated his own small farm there were not so many poor acres, which did not pay for the labor of cultivating them; that one-third of what he paid was for the privilege of credit; and that all these things combined would ruin the most experienced farmer in the State.—Merchant & Farmer.

A man in Springfield, Mo., ventured to expostulate with his wife on Saturday last in regard to some points in the architecture of a shirt that she was making for him. By way of reply she seized an axe, and buried the blade in his skull. He has no use for the garment now, but this brief domestic lesson should be remembered.

Henry C. Bowen dares Plymouth church to knock a chip off his shoulder, and forthwith Plymouth rolls up its sleeves and squares its shoulders to meet him.

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When a man is about to land his bones of over one thousand Chinamen have been gathered together at Sacramento, Cal., from all parts of the State, preparatory to their being forwarded to China in a few days by a clipper ship.

South Carolina Bonds.

CHARLESTON, November 15.—Information having reached Columbia that the report prevails in New York that the new consolidation bonds of South Carolina, which were issued in exchange for coupons alleged to have been fraudulently outstanding, would be repudiated by the State, the Governor and Comptroller-General and State Treasurer authorize the contradiction of the report, and express the belief that no such purpose is anywhere entertained, or can be legally accomplished even if desired.

BAYARD.—The Richmond Dispatch, thus speaks:

Of all the Eastern Democratic aspirants, Bayard, of Delaware, is the most honorable for his high tone and spotless character. He is a gentleman of the very first order. It would be a blessing to the nation to have in the Presidential chair so pure a man, so elevated a statesman. But in this day of availability there will not be wanting obstacles to his nomination. His State is so small that when he is set up, the question will be raised as to how much strength he can bring with him. And then "Little Dela," in her robes of white and her lovely charms, will be brought forth and will be admired of all men; but they will say she is so petite, so delicate, who can't stand the rough usage of a campaign, and can't give her son a sound-off that will carry him far on the track.

In addition to this, we fear Senator Bayard too much "wears his heart upon his sleeve" and has too little command of his eloquence. There is no such good luck as having him for President. The very fact of his having won the Southern heart is almost tantamount to frightening the Northern pocket book—we beg pardon, the northern soul, we should have said.

THE COLORED CABINET.—The "spotted Mongolian," otherwise known as the "colored cabot" at Annapolis who became at one time a National nuisance, has been dismissed from the Academy and gone to join Anes in Mississippi. The Baltimore American, a republican paper, recounting his fraudulent pretensions, ends by stating that Baker was turned back, at the end of the last academic year, to the class below, for deficiency in the most important department, that of Mathematical studies, and nothing appears in his record as a cadet to entitle him to be considered a creditable representative of his race, or a loss to the service to which he belonged.

MARRIAGE OF CAPT. TREZEVANT AND MISS HAMMOND.—On Wednesday last, at THOMASVILLE, Ga., Capt. W. H. Trezvant, formerly of this city, at present agent of the Port Royal Railroad, in Augusta, was united in marriage to Miss Fanny Hammond, of Charlotte, N. C. We congratulate our friend that after many tribulations, he has come out victorious, and, extending our best wishes to the couple, hope for them a journey through life minteruptedly happy and prosperous—a journey in which they may always find the flowers of life in the pulvis and never any lions in the way.

The Atlanta Constitution, sustaining the views reiterated by Gen. Gordon in Charleston, says: "Let us recognize that the true mission of the Democratic party, as an opposition party, is to overthrow the corrupt, dishonest and dishonest party in power, to restore the government to hands of true patriots and honest men, and bring back the characteristics of the good old republic in the days when Democracy in America was truly government by and for the people. Keep the record of Radicalism before the people, and in future contests of the parties honest men will not hesitate to repudiate and punish the man who made it."

"Do earnestest thing in all" dire are human life," said a Vicksburg negro, as he fanned himself with his old hat, "is de fact dat whenever a pusson gets a watermelon under each arm and starts for home—"
"One of 'em all falls kersnash on do sidewalk," interrupted his hearer.
"No, sah—no, sah; you is wrong, sah. Den is de only time in de world dat hisnise begins to itch like all creation."—Vicksburg Herald.

Six months ago as a young lady was riding on a Detroit street car she handed her nickel to a young man with a refection. Their fingers touched—eyes met—thrill—blushes, and last evening they were married. Incidents like this are happening almost daily in this city, but the papers seldom mention them out of sympathy for the street car horses.—Detroit Free Press.

The bones of over one thousand Chinamen have been gathered together at Sacramento, Cal., from all parts of the State, preparatory to their being forwarded to China in a few days by a clipper ship.

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